11633. df. 25.

JOHN DENNIS,

THE

SHELTRING POET'S

INVITATION

TO

RICHARD STEELE,

The Secluded

PARTY-WRITER, and MEMBER;

To come and live with him in the

MINT.

In Imitation of *Horace*'s Fifth Epiſtle, *Lib.* 1.

And fit to be Bound up with the CRISIS.

LONDON.

Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1714.

(Price Three-pence.)

JOHN BUNYAN'S

THE

SHEARING SORE:

INVITATION

TO

RICHARD STEELE,

PARTY-WRITER AND MEMBER:

To come and live with the Prince of

PEACE.

In Imitation of Horace's Epistle, Book I.

Printed for Brotherton and Sandby.

LONDON:

M.DCC.LXXIV.

John Dennis's Invitation TO *RICHARD STEELE*, &c.

IF thou can'ſt lay aſide a Spendthrift's Air, (*a*)
And condeſcend to feed on homely Fare,
Such as we *Minters* with Ragouſt's unſtor'd.
Will, in Defiance of the Law, afford:
Quit thy Patrolls with *Toby*'s Chriſtmaſs-Box,
And come to me at the two Fighting Cock's;
Since Printing by Subſcription now is grown
The ſtaleſt, idleſt Cheat about the Town;
And ev'n *C——s G——n*, who a Papiſt bred,
Has an *Alarm* againſt that Worſhip ſpread,
Is practiſing thoſe beaten Paths of Cruiſing,
And for new Levies on Propoſals muſing.

(*a*) Si potes Archaicis Conviva recumbere Lectis,
Nec modica cænare times olus omne Patella.

'Tis true, that *Bloomsbury Square's* a noble
Place,
But what are lofty Buildings in thy Caſe?
What's a fine Houſe embelliſh'd to Profuſion,
Where Shoulder-dabbers are in Execution?
Or whence it's timorous Tenant ſeldom ſally's,
But apprehenſive of inſulting Bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a Friend's Advice,
And ceaſe to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the Proſpects which delude thy Sight,
From *Highgate's* ſteep Aſcent, and *Hampſtead's*
Height,
With verdant Scenes, that, from St. *George's* Field,
More durable, and ſafe Enjoyments yield.

Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Eaſe to my troubled and ſuſpicious Mind,
But ever was with Jealouſies poſſeſs'd,
Am in a State of Indolence and Reſt;
Fearful no more of *Frenchmen* in Diſguiſe,
Nor looking upon Strangers as on Spies,
As quite diveſted of my former Spleen,
I'm unprovok'd without, and calm within:
(*b*) And here i'll wait thy coming, till the Sun
Shall its diurnal Courſe compleatly run.

(*b*) Supremo te Sole domi Torquate manebo.

Think not, that thou of ſturdy Bub ſhalt fail,
My Landlord's Cellar's ſtock'd with Beer and Ale,
With every ſort of Malt that is in uſe,
And every County's generous Produce.
The *Ready* (for here Chriſtian Faith is ſick,
Which makes us ſeldom treſpaſs upon Tick)
Inſtantly brings the choiceſt Liquors out,
Whether we aſk for Home-brew'd, or for Stout,
For Mead or Cyder, or, with Dainties fed,
Ring for a Flask or two of White or Red,
Such as the Drawer will not ſtick to ſwear
(*c*) Was drunk by *Pilkington* when third Time Mayor.
That Name, methinks, ſo popularly known
For Oppoſition to the Church and Crown,
Might make the *Luſitanian* Grape to paſs,
And almoſt give a Sanction to the Glaſs;
Eſpecially with Thee, whoſe haſty Zeal
Againſt the late rejected *Commerce Bill*,
Made Thee *riſe up*, like an audacious Elf,
To do the Speaker Honour, not thy ſelf.

(*c*) Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffuſa paluſtres
Inter Minturnas, ſinueſſanumq; Petrinum.

(*d*) But if thou ſoar'ſt above the Common
Prices,
By Virtue of Subſcriptions to thy *Criſis*,
And nothing can go down with thee, but Wines
Preſs'd from *Burgundian* and *Campanian* Vines,
(*e*) Bid them be brought; for tho' I hate the
French,
I love their Liquors, as thou lov'ſt a Wench;
(*f*) Elſe thou muſt humble thy expenſive Taſt,
And, with us, hold Contentment for a Feaſt.

(*g*) The Fire's already lighted, and the Maid
Has a clean Cloth upon the Table laid,
Who never, on a *Saturday*, had ſtruck,
But for thy Entertainment, up a Buck.
Think of this *Act of Grace*, which by your leave,
Suſan would not have done on *Eaſter* Eve,
Had ſhe not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for th' ingenious Author of the *Lover*.

(*d*) Sin melius quid habes———
(*e*) ———arceſſe—
(*f*) ————aut Imperium fer.
(*g*) Jamdudum ſplendet focus & tibi munda ſupellex.

Ceaſe

(*h*) Ceaſe therefore to beguile thy ſelf with
Hopes,
Which is no more than making ſandy Ropes,
And quit the vain Purſuit of loud Applauſe,
That muſt bewilder thee in Faction's Cauſe.
Prithee, what is't to thee who Guides the State?
Why *Dunkirk*'s Demolition is ſo late?
Or why Her Majeſty thinks fit to ceaſe
The Dinn of War, and huſh the World to Peace?
The Clergy too, without thy Aid, can tell
What Texts to chuſe, and on what Topicks
dwell;
And uninſtructed by thy Babbling, teach
Their Flocks cœleſtial Happineſs to reach.
Rather let ſuch poor Souls as you and I,
Joy that the Holydays are drawing nigh,
(*i*) And that To-morrow's Sun begins the Week,
Which will abound with Store of Ale and Cake,

(*h*) Mitte leves ſpes, & certamina Divitiarum,
Et Mopſi Cauſam———

(*i*) ——— cras nato Cæſare feſtus
Dat veniam ſomnumq; dies; impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.

With Hams of Bacon, and with powder'd Beef,
Stuff'd to give Field Itinerants Relief.

Then I, who have within these Precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the Chimney-Sweeper's step'd,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be *Sunday*, upon *Shanks* his Green,
There with erected Looks, and Phrase sublime,
To talk of Unity of Place, and Time,
And, with much Malice mix'd with little Satyr,
Explode the Wits on t'other Side o'th' Water.

(*k*) Why has my Lord *Godolphin*'s special Grace
Invested me with a Queen's Waiter's Place,
If I, debarr'd from Festival Delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the Perquisites.
He's but a short Remove from being mad,
Who at a Time of Jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping Usurer, does spare
His Money, to be squander'd by his Heir;

(*k*) Quo mihi Fortunas si non conceditur uti?
Parcus ob Hæredis curam, nimiumq; severus
Assidet insano. Potare, & spargere Flores.
Incipiam, patiarq; vel inconsultus haberi.
Quid non Ebrietas designat? operta recludit.

Flutter'd away in Liv'ries, and in Coaches,
And waſhy Sorts of Feminine Debauches.
As for my Part, what e'er the World may think,
I'll bid adieu to Gravity, and drink;
And tho' I can't put off a woeful Mien,
Will be all Mirth and Cheerfulneſs within,
As in Deſpight of a cenſorious Race,
I moſt incontinently ſuck my Face.
What mighty Projects does not he deſign
Whoſe Stomach flows, and Brain turns round, with Wine?
Wine, Pow'rful Wine, does thaw the frozen Cit,
And faſhion him to Humour and to Wit:
Makes ev'n *S*------ to diſcloſe his Art,
By racking every Secret from his Heart.
As he flings off the Statelman's ſly Diſguiſe,
To name the Cuckold's Wife with whom he lies.
(*l*) Ev'n *S*------, when he quaffs it, ſtead of Tea,
Fancies himſelf in *C*--------'s See;
And *S*------, when he, Carouſing, reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the Seals:

(*l*) Spes jubet eſſe ratas, in Prælia trudit intermem,
Solicitis animis onus eximit; addocet Artes.
Fæcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contracta quem non in Paupertate ſolutum?

VV-----, by virtue of its Juice, can fight,
And *S*---*pe* of Commiſſioners make light.
Wine gives L----*VVilliam* aptitude of Parts,
And ſwells him with his Family's Deſerts:
Whom can it not make Eloquent of Speech?
Whom in extreameſt Poverty not rich?
Since by the Means of the prevailing Grape,
Th---*n* can *L*--*meres* Warmth not only Ape,
But half Seas o'er, by its inſpiring Bounties,
Can Qualifie himſelf in ſeveral Counties.

What I have promis'd, thou mayſt reſt aſſur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I'm already better than my Word,
New Plates and Knives adorn the jovial Board;
And leſt thou at their ſight ſhouldſt make wry Faces,
The Girl has Scowr'd the Pots, and waſh'd the Glaſſes,
Ta'en care ſo excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayſt ſee thine own dear Picture in 'em.

Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus: ne turpe Toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget nares; ne non & Cantharus & Lanx
Oſtendat tibi te: ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dicta foras eliminet——

More-

Moreover, due Proviſion has been made,
That Converſation may not be betray'd,
To have no Company but what is proper,
To ſit with the moſt flagrant Whig at Supper.
There's not a Man among them but muſt pleaſe,
(*m*) Since they'r as like each other as are Peas.
T---nd and *H--re* have jointly ſent me word,
They'll come, and *K----t* thinks to make a Third,
Provided he has no other Invitation
From Men of greater Quality and Station.
Room will for *Old----n* and *J----s* be left,
But their Diſcourſes ſmell ſo much of Theft,
There would be no abiding in the Room,
Should two ſuch ignorant Pretenders come.
However, by this truſty Bearer write,
If I ſhould any other Scabs invite;
Tho' if I may my ſerious Judgment give,
I'm wholly for King *Charles* his number Five:

(*m*) ——— ut coeat par
Jungaturq; pari. Brutum tibi ſeptimiumq;
Et niſi Cœna prior, potiorq; puella Sabinum
Detinet, aſſumam, Locus eſt, & pluribus Umbris.
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu quotus eſſe velis reſcribe; —

That was the Stint on which that Monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with Noiſyneſs perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it beſt,
Shall be our Tale of Heads, without one other Gueſt.

I've nothing more, now this is ſaid, to ſay,
But to requeſt thou'lt inſtantly away,
And leave the Duties of thy preſent Poſt,
To ſome well-skill'd Retainer to a Hoſt:
Doubtleſs he'll carefully thy Place ſupply,
And o'er his Gr---s Horſes have an Eye.
Whilſt thou, who'ſt ſlunk thro' Poſtern more than once,
Doſt by that means avoid a Croud of Duns,
And croſſing o'er the *Thames* at *Temple-Stairs*,
Leav'ſt *Phillip*'s with good Words to cheat their Ears.

—et rebus omiſſis
Atria ſervantem Poſtico falle Clientem.